

# CORRIGAN DRAGS MAYOR INTO RAID PLOT

## 100,000 PARADE IN TRIBUTE TO THE DEAD

WEATHER—Rain to-night; Thursday clearing.

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**LATEST EXTRA**

**The**



**World.**

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PRICE ONE CENT.

Copyright, 1911, by The Press Publishing Co. (The New York World).

NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, APRIL 5, 1911.

18 PAGES

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### MIGHTY HOST HONORS THE FIRE'S DEAD

100,000 in the Manhattan Parade and 5,000 More in Brownsville.

CROWDS JAM STREETS.

Congestion So Great That the Way Had to Be Cleared for Procession.

The funeral of the unidentified victims of the Washington place disaster this afternoon was made memorable by a parade of mourning in which probably 100,000 members of labor unions took part in Manhattan, and 5,000 in Brownsville and East New York. Owing to the confusion attending the formation of the Manhattan parade it was late in starting. Once it got under way business generally came to a halt in the district between Washington Square and Thirty-fourth street in and adjacent to Fifth avenue.

The main Manhattan parade, made up of two sections which joined at Washington Square, a block from the building where 143 workers lost their lives on March 25, moved up Fifth avenue to Thirty-third street, across to Madison avenue and down to Madison Square. The sidewalks along this route were jammed with silent, respectful spectators.

Prior to the parade up Fifth avenue the lower east side became hysterical with excitement over the passage of an immense assemblage of workers through the narrow streets from Seward Park and Rutgers Square over to Washington Square.

Detail after detail of policemen were sent to the east side during the formation of the parade, but there was little disorder save that necessarily accompanying such a gathering of grief-stricken people. Mourning emblems were in evidence everywhere. Tens of thousands of buttonhole decorations expressive of sorrow were sold and worn.

At 1 o'clock this afternoon the procession about Seward Square had become so dangerous that Inspector Schmittberger ordered the parade to start forthwith. East Broadway, Clinton and Broome streets were packed from curb to curb. A detail of fifty policemen marched in the van of the parade and cleared a way through the spectators. Owing to the great jam or humanity the line moved very slowly.

**Ambulances Along the Line.**  
The patrolmen assigned to opening a line were hampered by the hysteria in the crowds, but they were as gentle as possible in their task. In anticipation of injuries to some of the spectators or marchers Inspector Schmittberger ordered ambulances to strategic points along the line of march from the east side to Washington Square. The crowd was as dense in the Italian quarter, from the Bowery west to MacDougal street, as in the ghetto.

The great massing of men and women preparatory to the start of the parade, the many mourning emblems, the evident depth of the sorrow of the marchers, the silent determination of the moving throngs would have been impressive enough on a bright, cheerful New York spring day. In the gloom of the fog, with a misty rain falling and the streets sticky and slippery, the slowly passing columns, some-

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### Mourners for Fire Victims Waiting for Great Parade to Start.

(Photographed Especially by a Staff Photographer of The Evening World.)



OLD WIGWAM BOSS TAKEN ABOARD MAURETANIA TO-DAY.

### VACCINATION RULE IN MONTCLAIR IS UPSET BY REVOLT

Three Hundred and Fifty Commuters Had Threatened to Move Away.

After a tempestuous special meeting last night the Montclair (N. J.) Board of Education rescinded its rule compelling the vaccination of pupils of the public schools. There has been a storm among Montclair parents for a month over the question.

At last night's meeting a delegation representing three hundred and fifty residents of the city who work in New York appeared before the board and delivered an ultimatum.

"We will one and all of us," said the delegation, "move out of Montclair and out of the State of New Jersey before we allow our children to be vaccinated. There are other suburbs of New York which have not this fetid of forcing vaccination on children who are in danger of smallpox infection. We will go back to New York city and to those places and we will do it at once if this rule is enforced."

The Board of Education wiped the rule off the books. It provided that any child who could not show a certificate of vaccination must be inoculated by a physician at the school.

The agitation against vaccination was started by several of the leading physicians of the city who had been impressed by the circulars of the anti-vaccination group in Philadelphia, who assert that vaccination often carries the germs of cancer into the system.

The majority of the physicians of the city upheld the Board of Health against the leaders of the anti-vaccination revolt, but made little or no impression on the fight.

### NO FREEDOM HERE, SAYS CROKER AS HE SAILS FOR HOME

As Instance, Says He Had to Quit Theatre Last Night to Get a Drink.

The Concord giant Mauretania lay at her pier long after her sailing time to-day. Charles Croker, the agent of the line, said that even now he was sending her down the bay just a few minutes before she would have to start. He said she would have to wait for a day or two before she could start.

Richard Croker, who is a passenger in whom most interest was taken by other people's friends. He was here with William Fulton, an old Tammany leader, who was for many years one of the old officers of the old Tammany.

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### NO HARM DONE WHEN A WOMAN HITS A SOLDIER

Mother-in-Law Persuades Magistrate that She Did the Right Thing.

A dissertation on the worthlessness of soldiers and sailors as husbands was delivered with much oratorical feeling in the West Side Court today before Magistrate Murphy by Mrs. Burrell of No. 254 East 10th street, whose daughter, Hattie married David Higgins, a former United States infantryman two years ago.

Higgins has quarrelled with his mother-in-law and has refused to let his wife visit her. Mrs. Burrell met him on the street on Sunday and took a stand squarely in front of him.

"Young man," she said, "when are you going to be decent and let my girl come to see me?"

"I don't know you, woman," said Higgins.

"To you know me now?" she asked him standing over him.

"Yes, yes," said Higgins, and she sniffed and went her way.

Higgins applied for a summons to Magistrate Murphy and Court Officer Michael Moran was sent to take her to court today.

She went with him to court today. She was known to him when he was a small boy and told him it was an honor to have him call.

"Did I hit him?" she repeated after Magistrate Murphy. Resting her hands on her hips, she regarded Higgins with a look of scorn.

"No, I didn't," said Higgins, "but I was a little bit of a fool when I was a small boy and told him it was an honor to have him call."

### DENSE FOG TIES UP SHIPPING; CAUSES COLLISION IN BAY

Tug Steward Knocked Overboard and Has Narrow Escape From Drowning.

The heavy fog which enveloped the city to-day was a serious menace to traffic on land and water, and business was almost at a standstill along the river front for a time. West street was lined with drags and teams waiting for freight steamers to come in and discharge their cargoes, but when they were held up owing to the fog increasing in thickness as the morning progressed.

There were many minor accidents in the harbor, as the result of collisions of vessels not being able to see each other ahead of their bows. The sound of the whistles giving notice of the approach of boats deflected every other sound along the river front, and boats had to be sent ahead very slowly.

One of the most serious of the accidents reported to the Harbor Police was the collision of the tug Edwin Terry of the Cornell Steamship Company, Capt. Frank O'Neil commanding. The tug lost its smokestack and its steward, Thomas Cullen, was with difficulty rescued from drowning. The tug was coming from the East River to the North River with a tow of ten barges.

On Pier A the Jersey Central barge, Tayonne was running light. A mistake in the signals occurred and the tug, in command of Capt. C. W. Bagnall, struck the tug head-on.

The collision sent the tug reeling on its side and the smokestack snapped off and went overboard, taking with it a number of men. The tug was on fire and the tug was also damaged.

Steward Cullen was walking on deck when the tug struck and was knocked overboard. He cannot swim and for a time it was impossible to distinguish him in the water, so thick was the fog. He was finally located through his cries for assistance.

A rope was thrown to him but as he was being hoisted on board a barbed wire net was caught on the tug and he was held under the net. The tug J. H. Williams of the same line went to the assistance of the Terry and took it to the pier and to the station of Harbor Police.

**Commuters Delayed**

Commuters who were in the city and their offices and stores today, owing to the fog, were all delayed from the city.

The fog was so thick that it was impossible to see more than a few feet ahead.

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### CORRIGAN QUESTIONS HEAD OF RAIDED CLUB ABOUT VISITING MAYOR

Yiddel November Denies Calling at City Hall Before Deputy Flynn's Round-Up of 101 in East Side Resort.

IS HELD FOR PERJURY AFTER SEVERE GRILLING

Ninety of the Prisoners Are Discharged After Order to Prosecute Alleged Chief of Gang.

When Yiddel November, the alleged head of the Delaware Social Club in Allen street, which was raided last night, was arraigned this afternoon on charges of carrying concealed weapons and being a common gambler, Magistrate Corrigan put to the prisoner this astonishing question: "Did you visit the Mayor's office at the City Hall yesterday morning, and did you while there see the Mayor or his secretary, and did you either see or read or sign any papers for the Mayor's use?"

In view of the bitter controversy over crime conditions raging between the Mayor and the Magistrate, this question created a profound sensation in the crowded court, especially since it was Magistrate Corrigan's own denunciation of the Delaware Club as a resort for thieves that presumably had led to the raid by Deputy Police Commissioner Flynn, acting supposedly under secret orders from some higher authority.

Although Magistrate Corrigan pressed his interrogation hard, November twice denied that he had seen Mayor Gaynor or had furnished to the Mayor any information on the subject. A little further along he got so badly confused and contradicted himself with such frequency that Magistrate Corrigan had him held for perjury.

Ninety of the 101 prisoners were let go. The remaining group, it was thought, would be held.

**Corrigan Asked for Relief.**

When the Magistrate mounted the bench the 101 men who had been rounded up in the raid and were massed before him, with Yiddel November—who calls himself Harry Smith—in the front rank. After Detective Toner and Mueser told of seeing November as he was trying to reach the shelter of a cloak closet and of finding on his person a loaded revolver and a skeleton key, the Magistrate took the further, uneasy prisoner in hand for a personal examination.

Before he got under way, however, the Magistrate received a message, saying he was wanted as a witness in a police trial at Headquarters. Over the telephone Magistrate Corrigan tried to induce Chief Magistrate Meador to come to the court and conduct the hearing for him, but Magistrate Meador said he had important business elsewhere and Magistrate Corrigan was forced to go ahead with the preliminary examination.

November proceeded to twist himself up right from the start. He said he was a member of the Delaware Social Club, but not an officer. He couldn't remember, though, when he had paid any dues, and he wasn't certain whether a bootblack had ever paid him for the shoe-shining concession of the club. He even got his own name mangled.

His lawyer, Harold J. Spielberg, tried to straighten him out, but didn't help him much, as it turned out, because, in answer to Mr. Spielberg, Yiddel said he had never been arrested and never accused of any offense. He also insisted that he had merely picked up a revolver which fell from a closet shelf a moment before the raiders entered in and seized him. He was sure it wasn't his revolver.

**Lying, Says Magistrate.**

"You are plainly lying," said Magistrate Corrigan, sharply. Then twice over in succession he put to November the strange question about any conf-

(Continued on Second Page.)

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